Vol. CXLIV. No. 1874

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THE BYSTANDER November 15, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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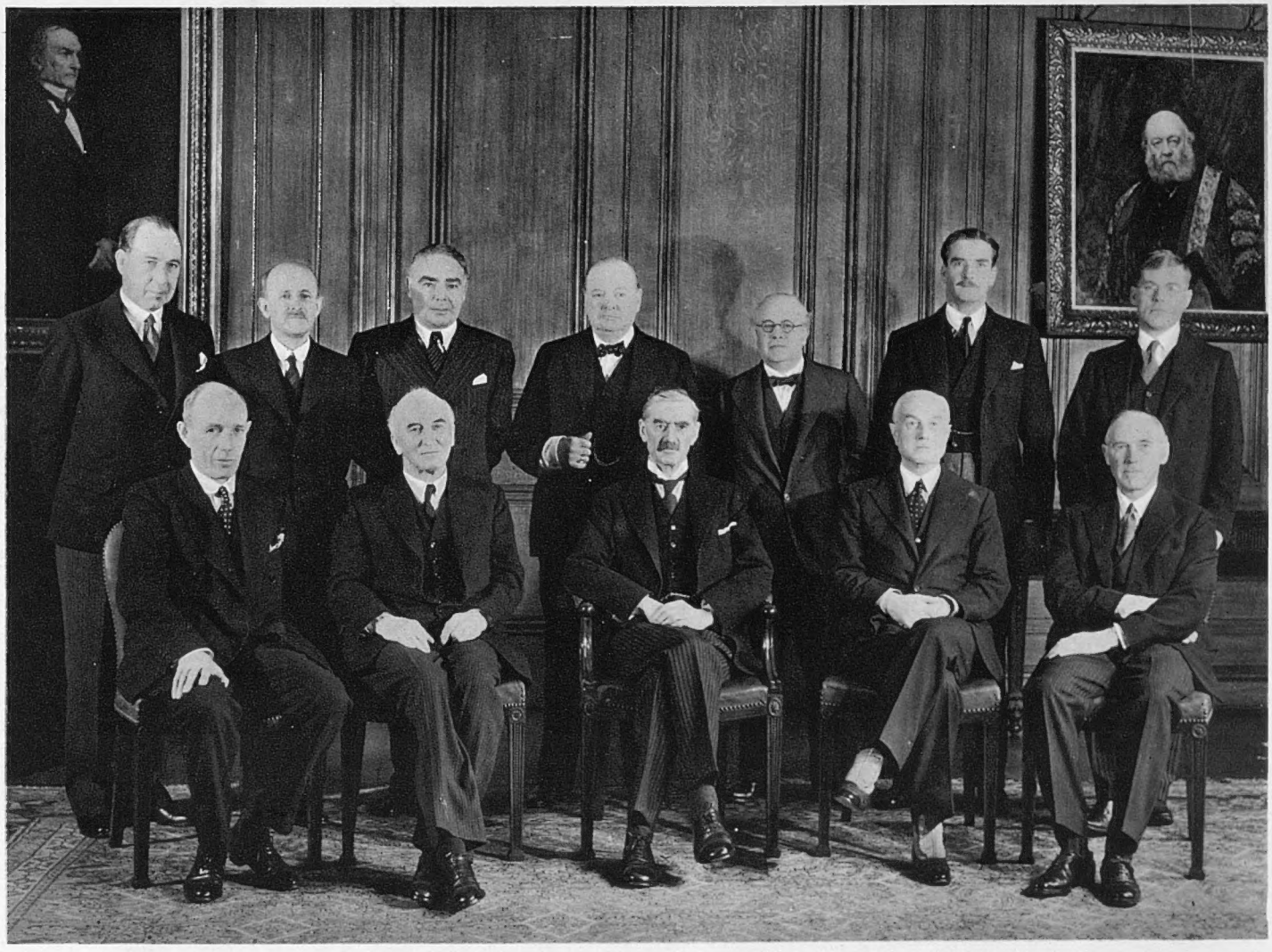
The Bystander, November 15, 1939 No. 1874. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

Paulette Goddard in "The Women"

Imported by M.-G.-M. to be a woman among a hundred and thirty-five women collected for the film of Clare Boothe's play, Paulette Goddard makes a big break in a smallish part. The American *Life* bracketed her and Rosalind Russell as the two show-stealers from "more seasoned colleagues"—Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. She is cast as Miriam, the good-hearted chorus-girl who has a hair-pulling contest at Reno with Sylvia, divorcing wife of her husband-to-be (Rosalind Russell herself). Paulette Goddard was in another recent film, *The Cat and the Canary*, but that set no rivers on fire. Up till now she is still famous for having been a Chaplin star, in *Modern Times*, and for the innumerable rumours, never officially confirmed, that she and Charles Chaplin were married. (More pictures of *The Women*, coming to the Empire, are on pages 200-201)



The War Cabinet, 1939: these are the twelve men directing the fate of Britain in the kingdom's eighth major war of the last 200 years—(back row) Sir John Anderson (Home Secretary), Lord Hankey (without portfolio), Leslie Hore-Belisha (War), Winston Churchill (Admiralty), Sir Kingsley Wood (Air), Anthony Eden (Dominions), Sir Edward Bridges (secretary); (front row) Viscount Halifax (Foreign Affairs), Sir John Simon (Exchequer), Neville Chamberlain (First Lord of the Treasury), Sir Samuel Hoare, Bt. (Lord Privy Seal), Lord Chatfield (Co-ordination of Defence). On the wall behind, Gladstone (left) and Salisbury. Sartorial examination of the group gives the following figures: black-coat-striped-trousers 6, lounge suits 6; bow ties 2, spotted 3, striped 3; handkerchiefs in breast pocket 6; button boots 1. The average age of the twelve is fifty-eight

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE dramatic sprint of King Leopold to confer with Queen Wilhelmina at first made everyone believe that Belgium and Holland were on the verge of being invaded by Germany, and that the two monarchs were planning combined defensive measures. Then it transpired that they were planning a Peace suggestion, and offering their services to the belligerents. It was a noble gesture, but it is difficult to see how it can be anything but a gesture. There is a clamour in certain quarters that we should state officially what we are fighting *for*, but one thing is certain: we have stated officially what we are fighting *against*. We are fighting against the Hitlerian theory that Force must rule the world. Until the Germans abandon that theory (which means abandoning the Nazi régime), peace talks are obviously futile. What we want is peace, not an uneasy truce.

IT is one of the ordinary tricks of every nation at war throughout history to describe its men and its munitions as the finest in the world, and naturally by this time one is a little suspicious of such claims, whoever makes them. But it certainly would appear that the material, and perhaps even the personnel, of the German Air Force is less good than it has been claimed to be. During the last war the "Fokker" and the "Albatross" machines were as good as anything on the side of the Allies for a very long time. But when nine French machines attack twenty-seven Germans, as they did last week, and bring down at least nine without losing one of their own, then I think we are entitled to begin to draw conclusions.

IT is possible, of course, that the crack German machines are not being used in the meantime, though I think it unlikely. But even if it were true, it would mean that Germany has not enough crack machines even for such dangerous tasks as flying to Edinburgh or fighting with the French. It is much more likely that *Ersatz* will out. The speed of the modern war aeroplane is so terrific that unless the material is the best, something is liable to give, and the nervous strain on the crews of flying indifferent machines through, let us say, an anti-aircraft barrage, must be pretty considerable.

THE German outburst at the Norwegian action in interning the German crew of the City of Flint is very characteristic of their psychology. They make no claims under international law, nor do they pretend to argue about rights or wrongs. They simply are astounded that a small nation should have ventured to do such a thing. In other words, Norway's crime is in her smallness, and, therefore, she has no rights.

THE Minister of War dealt very vigorously with a number of suggestions in the House of Commons that in many camps the troops are under-fed and have no blankets. The War Minister made three points, and it is just as well that the fullest publicity should be given to them. Firstly, he said that there might be an occasional isolated case of hardship; secondly, that no such case had been brought to his notice, and that he

(Concluded on page 188)

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir Edward Beatty, Canada's Shipping Controller

Sir Edward Beatty is one of Canada's most important men, in business circles her outstanding figure. He has been chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway for twenty-one years, and the list of businesses covered by his directorships is tremendous, including shipping, airways, banking, insurance, power, light, mining, hotels. He is also Chancellor of McGill University, president of Canada's Boy Scouts and of that great recreational organisation, the Seigniory Club. In October this sixty-two-year-old bachelor of boundless energy and interests was appointed Controller of Canada's shipping, a large part of which, sailing to Europe and Asia from the two sea-coasts, was already under his presidential eye through the C.P.R. In July he was in England (when this picture was taken for *The Bystander*); he came partly on holiday, partly to consider ordering new ships for his fleet. Lord Greenwood, who was at Toronto University with him, is a close friend of his, and so is another undergraduate contemporary, the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King

The Passing Hour

(Continued fram page 186)

begged all Members of the House to bring any such cases direct to him for investigation ; and thirdly, that he knew for a fact that all these rumours were emanating from Germany. I have already referred in these pages to the organisation in Britain which has officially ordered its members to spread false rumours, and it is difficult to see why Sir John Anderson, who dealt so successfully with terrorists in Bengal, should not tackle with equal firmness the rumourists over here.

I WENT down last week to Salisbury Plain to see some of the new weapons of war in action. The new mortar (which old fogies still call trench-mortar) is a neat little affair. It is made up of three parts which are easily clipped together, and then it starts lobbing its bombs, anything up to a mile, at a great rate. I also saw the tiny 2-in. mortar and the anti-tank rifle. All round the vast horizon of the Plain could be heard the bangs of guns and the detonation of shells, and the rattle of machine-guns.

ON my way back from Salisbury I travelled for the first time in a black-out train, and a thoroughly dreary performance it was. Nor was it helped by the sight of another train standing in Basingstoke Station which had one carriage brightly illuminated.

THE classic story of Burgomaster Max of Brussels is the one which tells how the German officer marched into his office and clanked a revolver on the table. The intrepid Burgomaster immediately placed his pen beside it. He was one of the great heroes of the last war, and his place in history is secure.

THE shortage of small electric torches and batteries is still acute. One London shop has sold a quarter of a million since the beginning of the war, and now only gets supplies at the rate of two or three dozen at a time. The real difficulty is that the firms which used to make torches are now on armament work, and the essential raw materials for the batteries—aluminium, tin, and carbon—are also required elsewhere.

A STORY about Mr. Winston Churchill that is new to me comes from America. At the time when Mah-Jong was sweeping the country with its peculiar jargon of green dragons and all the rest of it, Mr. Churchill was sitting in the stalls at Mr. Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*. At the moment when Mr. Shaw registered yet another failure to be poetical by making Dunois jump up on the fortifications outside Orleans and croon, " West wind, west wind, west wind," Mr. Churchill triumphantly shouted " Pung ! "

THE *Daily Telegraph* in a leading article on English eccentricity stated that John Mytton, " asserting the right of the free-born Englishman to please himself, set his clothes on fire to keep warm." In defence of Squire Mytton and his eccentricity, and also to keep the records straight, it must be stated at once that he set fire to his nightgown in order to cure himself of hiccoughs.

A BOOK was published a week or two ago called *Polonaise* by an English lady who married a Polish officer, and went to live in Warsaw. At the time the book came out, it was announced that the authoress, who writes under the name of Martin Hare, had not been heard of since the outbreak of war. For nine weeks nothing was heard of her, and then a few days ago a cable arrived that she is wounded but safe in Lithuania. For anyone who is interested in that unhappy country, Poland, Martin Hare's book is worth reading.

THE B.B.C. has moved again, it appears, to a wonderful secret broadcasting station. Its whereabouts is wrapped in impenetrable secrecy and, as I cannot speak German and therefore never listen-in to Berlin, it is probable that I shall never know where the broadcasting boys and girls have got to.

A FEW days ago I had a wonderful echo from past days. A letter arrived from a total stranger from some mysterious place in the centre of Australia protesting politely, but vigorously, against Mr. Jardine's use of fast bowling against the Australian cricketers in the famous body-line controversy. Somehow there was something rather weird about this revival of ancient battles at a moment when modern battles are only too likely to break upon us. But it just shows how deeply Australia suffered from the fact that Mr. Jardine and Mr. Larwood combined to overthrow them so effectively.

THIS is a true story. Whether it has a moral or not is for you to decide. A young man, trying to make a fortune in North-West Canada, decided to come home to enlist in the Air Force. He had no money, so he rode across Canada on the tops of trains, or underneath trains, or sitting on the buffers, and was shot at by Mounties and pursued by railway officials, all the way across. Arriving at Montreal, he got a job as a stoker in a tramp steamer coming to England. The voyage took a month. From London he hitch-hiked to his home in Gloucester, where his family met him in the ancestral mansion with rapture. By pulling every string, they got him accepted as a cadet for the R.A.F., and within a week he had been equipped with a uniform, and is now on a liner taking him to the Imperial Training Grounds in Canada.

THE wags of Fleet Street are circulating a nice little remark about a recent Ministerial appointment. It is the worst political appointment, they are saying, since those early days of the Roman Empire when the Emperor Caligula made his horse a Consul.

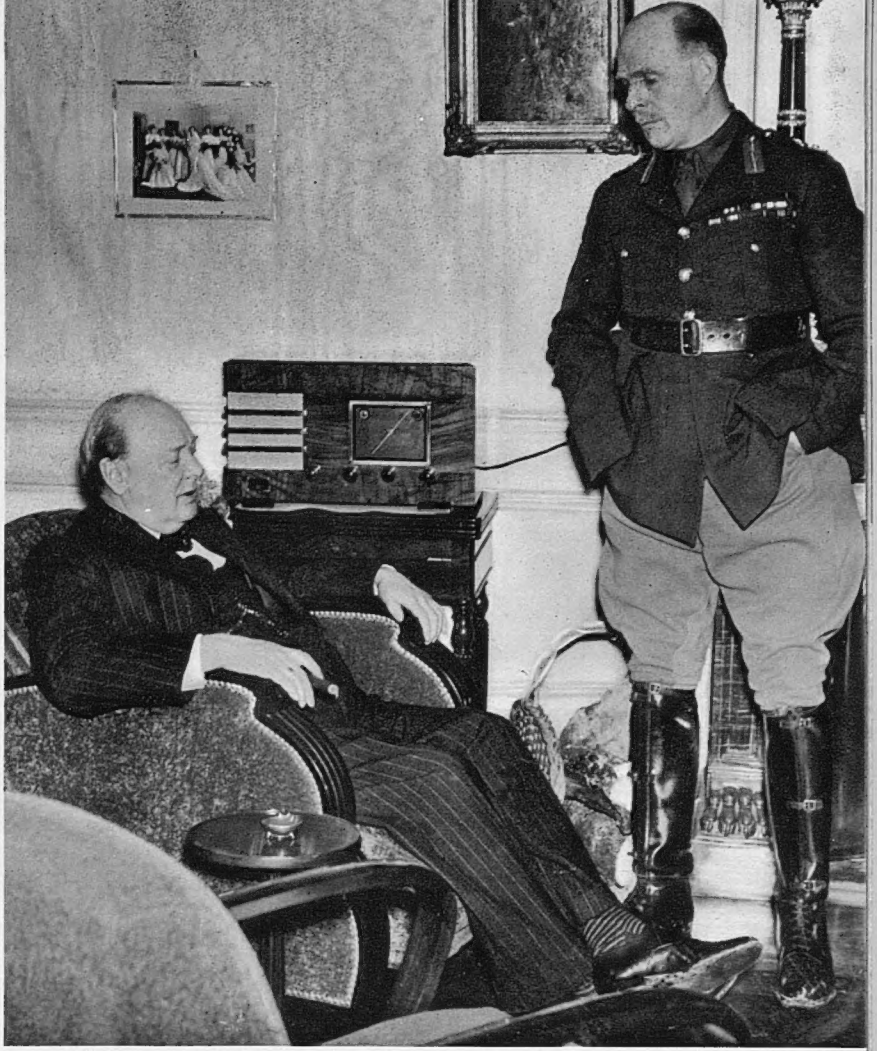
A GREAT to-do has been caused by the discovery that spiders are being used to help in winning the war. This is all very capital, but there is one aspect of it which I deplore. The English newspapers have, with characteristic effrontery, hailed these war-workers as British spiders. Every child knows that all spiders are Scottish.

***Air Marshal R. E. C. Peirse** is the newest member of the Air Council. He was appointed last week, and given the rank of Acting Air Marshal (from Air Vice-Marshal). He has been Deputy Chief of the Air Staff and Director of Operations and Intelligence since January. In the last war he won the D.S.O. for attacks on German submarine bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge. Members of the Air Council now number ten*

***R. S. Hudson** went to the special showing of the March of Time film, " Battle Fleets of Britain," at the Phœnix. While he drank his cocktail, the Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade talked to Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal. She was Lady Elizabeth Paget before her marriage in the summer*

Official Visits

Trades' Union Congress, *in the person of the new chairman of its General Council, Mr. William Holmes, went to Buckingham Palace to see the King last Wednesday and stayed three-quarters of an hour. Talk ranged from T.U. problems to growing sugar-beet at Sandringham, in Norfolk, Mr. Holmes' own county. He is secretary of the oldest trades union, the agricultural (the Tolpuddle martyrs were farm labourers)*



The Navy, *in the person of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, called on the Army, in the person of the C.-in-C., British Expeditionary Force, Lord Gort. It was part of Mr. Churchill's four days' visit to France, during which his most important job was to discuss Anglo-French co-operation at sea with M. Campinchi, French Minister of Marine, and Admiral Darlan, Chief of Naval Staff. The First Lord's statement to the Commons last Wednesday on the Navy's progress contained at the end a bunch of flowers for the French Navy, and this may be taken to have meant "thank you for having me"*

The Army *showed its paces to the visiting Dominions Ministers when they went down to Aldershot as a day off from discussions on Empire co-operation. Here, the Hon. R. G. Casey, Australian Minister of Supply, steps from a Bren gun carrier after a trip round. The night before he and his colleagues had dined with the King at the first Buckingham Palace dinner-party of the war*

The R.A.F. *was the subject of a two-days' visit by the King recently, when his Majesty toured units in the North of England and, at several, personally conferred the first decorations of the war on their winners. He was accompanied by Sir Eric Miéville and Wing-Commander Fielden. Here, he takes interest in the "office" of a fighter machine*

Four Engagements

Harlip

Miss Elizabeth Wellesley

Elizabeth Wellesley and Thomas Clyde announced their engagement at the end of October and are being married on Saturday at St. Peter's, Vere Street. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady George Wellesley, of 3, Chester Terrace, N.W.1, and niece of the Duke of Wellington. He is the son of W. P. Clyde, of New York, and Mrs. Allan Kyle, of 25, Montagu Square, W.1

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Mary Butler-Henderson

Mary Butler-Henderson is the elder daughter of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Butler-Henderson, of Faccombe Manor, Andover, Hants., and a cousin of Lord Faringdon. Her fiancé is Algernon Desmond (Pat) Wigan, son of the late A. W. Wigan, and Mrs. Violet Wylde Wigan, of Brackenview, Mill Hill, Barnes Common, S.W.13. Her elder brother, Edward Butler-Henderson, was in the wedding news two months ago when he married Elizabeth Dacres Dixon

Bassano

Miss Irene Du Plessis

Irene Du Plessis is engaged to Captain the Hon. Michael Eric Dillon, Royal Horse Guards, only son of Brigadier Viscount and Viscountess Dillon. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Merandon Du Plessis, of 97, Bryanston Court, W.1, and Whitehall, Mauritius, and niece of Lady Kemsley. Her elder sister, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, was a bride of last year, married Lord Iliffe's elder son in December

Fayer

The Hon. Cecily Berry

Cecily Berry is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Buckland, and Lady Buckland, of Woolton House, Newbury, Berks. She is engaged to Patrick Magor Leatham, only son of Captain and Mrs. Cecil Leatham, of Redbourne House, Wentworth. The third of her four sisters, the Hon. Dorothy Berry, announced her engagement to Dennis Smyley a few weeks before her own was made public

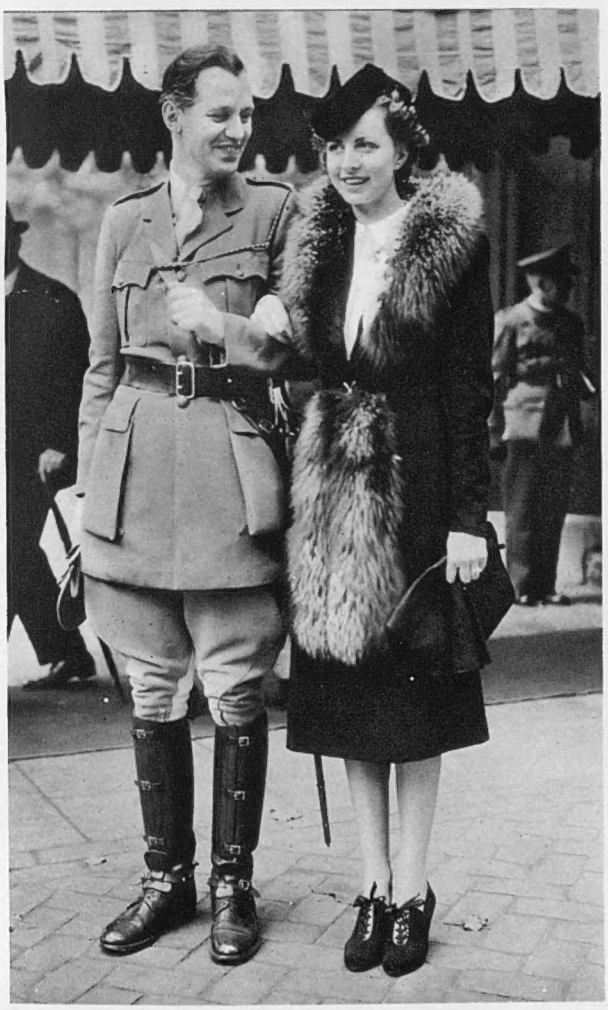
Miss Pamela Chatfield and Capt. Linton

Lord Chatfield gave away his niece, Pamela Chatfield, daughter of the late Kyrle Chatfield, and Mrs. John A. Milne, of 35, Grosvenor Square, W., when she was married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Captain J. E. F. Linton, R.A. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Linton, of Mount St. Albans, Newport, Mon.

Mr. James Pearson and Miss Nancy Heard

James T. A. Pearson is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Pearson, of 24, Cambridge Square, W.2, and Johnston Lodge, Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire. Nancy Heard is the only daughter of W. S. N. Heard, of 195, Bickenhall Mansions, W.1, and the late Mrs. Heard. They were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Mr. R. P. Pearson is chairman of the Stock Exchange Committee

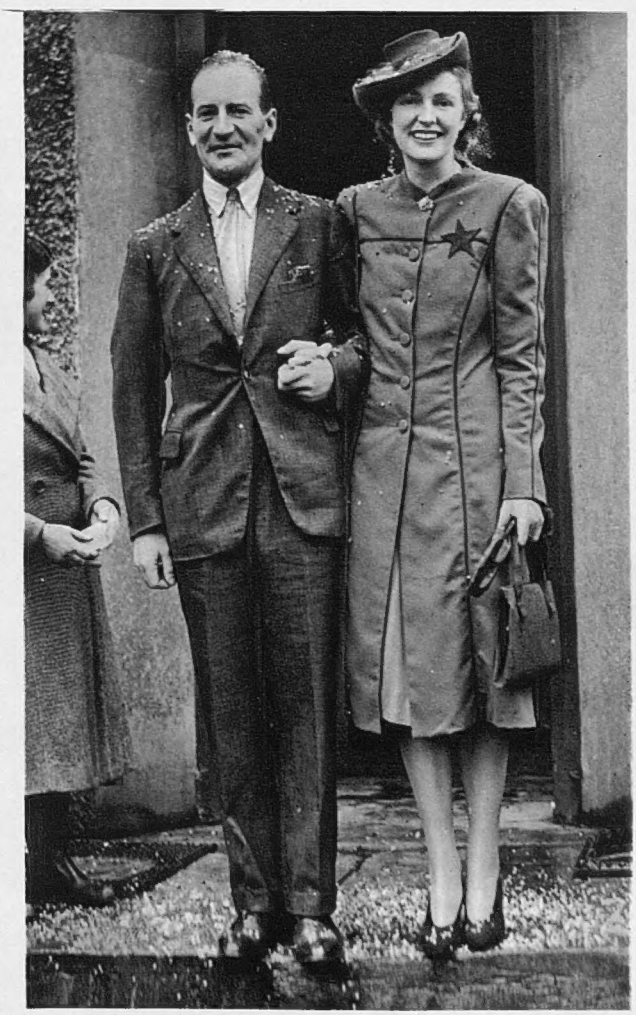
Four Weddings



Major Richard Glyn and Miss Baker

Major Richard Hamilton Glyn is the eldest son of Sir Richard Glyn, Bt., and Lady Glyn, of Gaunt's House, Wimborne, Dorset. Lyndsay Mary Baker is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Baker, of 20, Morland Avenue, Stoneygate, Leicester. They were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

An Irish wedding was that of Hugh Delmedge, well-known G.-R. son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James O'Grady Delmedge, of Castle Park, Limerick, and Sibyl Elfrida Keane, elder daughter of the late Richard Henry Keane and Mrs. Keane, of Cadogan Court, S.W.1, and niece of Sir John Keane, Bt. They were married at Cappoquin, County Waterford

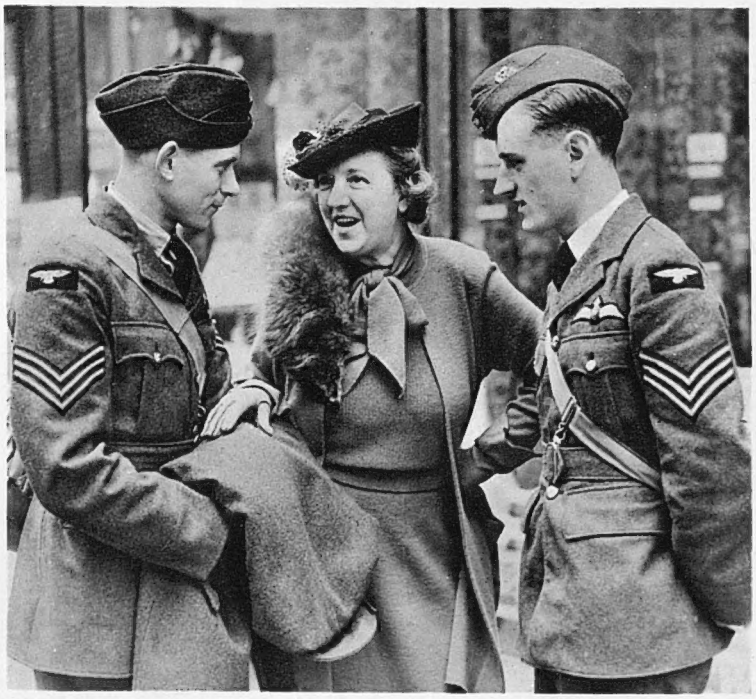


Mr. Delmedge and Miss Elfrida Keane

Free meals *for troops is what will be served by St. Peter's Kitchen at St. Pancras Station. Free champagne is what the first arrivals got when Claire Luce, American-born actress who has settled here, opened the canteen. She put on a cap and took up a position that was, if not the best for pouring out, one of the best for making an attractive picture. Claire Luce is a member of Sir Seymour Hicks' N.A.A.F.I. concert party for France*

"Black and Blue," *the punning title of George Black's pre-war revue, has been used again, on Manchester, for his war-time revue there at the Palace Theatre. Billy Bennett and Frances Day, two of the stars, appear thus in it. Frances Day is now well up in the running for the title, "Sweetheart of the Army, 1939-19??" (which Violet Loraine held last war—see below); her penny fund prospers, and a show in its aid was given last week at the National Sporting Club*

Theatre News



Violet Loraine *made herself the name "the Sweetheart of the British Army" when that Army was dealing with Germany, 1914-18. After the war, in 1921, she married Capt. E. R. Joicey, M.C., and retired to a country life in Northumberland. Now her husband has rejoined his unit and Mrs. Joicey intends to do the same, giving shows for the troops, and possibly appearing with George Robey. Here, with two R.A.F. sergeants*

Loud and clear *and of course into a microphone sang Fred Emney, Beatrice Lillie and Bobby Howes during a rehearsal for "All Clear," the revue in which they are the stars and which is due at the Queen's this month. No one so busy entertaining since the war broke out as Bea Lillie, who is said to have given up a £1000-a-week engagement in the U.S. to stay in the old country during the trouble (she is a British citizen by her marriage to the late Sir Robert Peel)*

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

"French for Love" (Criterion)

THIS comedy, by Marguerite Steen and Derek Patmore, brings back Delysia, whose histrionic mission it would seem to be to sustain the fiction that France is ever-so, oh-so French, that Paris is still as naughty as Piccadilly painted it in the 'nineties, and that wives, if they *will* marry, deserve all the taradiddling they get in the rompiest farces. Hortense has been housekeeper to Victor for a dozen years. But Hortense being Hortense, Victor being Victor, the South of France being the South of France, and the Criterion Theatre being the Criterion Theatre, it goes without saying that the housekeeper has automatically been housekept. And very happily, too, until Amy, Victor's long-absent wife, turns up to present her very English daughter's very English fiancé for inspection and approval. Whereupon the South, where all is love and laughter and grape-harvests, gets busy.

THE very English girl, for example, succumbs to the garrulous charm of her father's manservant Pierre, stealing away with him to matutinal festivals in the fields. That Pierre lacks neither confidence nor impudence is no doubt due to an affaire carried on under his master's nose with the easy-going Hortense herself.

The very English boy, for another example, being told by Victor that he will not be fit for marriage until he has gained what is cautiously described as "experience," promptly goes to bed with (again) Hortense. You will grasp the sort of comedy this is when I report that next morning he comes down to breakfast no longer shy and awkward, but slapping himself manfully on the chest and generally swanking, much to the delight of the Criterion audience, although everyone must know that bewilderment, uncertainty, and silence are far more probable sequels to a sensitive young man's first essay in promiscuity.

SINCE there has always been a large public for this sort of thing, and since the authors have handled their rather base matter with no little professional skill, I can see no reason why *French for Love* (i.e., promiscuity) should not run till the next war, which should provide just the right psychological moment to revive it again. Delysia herself left me a little cold as Hortense, which is just what she should not have done, but that may be my fault. She is certainly rather indistinct in her opening scenes. Athene Seyler as Amy wrings good fun out of a part that must wring her heart as well, since there is no subtlety in it, and subtlety is her forte. Rosalyn Boulter as the very English girl has no difficulty in equalling all the ingénue performances seen on our stage during the past decade. The parts and the performances seem to me exactly alike, and quite nice too.

AS for the men, there is Cecil Parker as Victor, alive and brisk with humorous reactions; Carl Jaffé, insinuatingly plausible in a clever performance as the manservant; and John Penrose, whose very English boy has most of the fat and gets the loudest laughs.

Learning about women: Hortense (Alice Delysia) takes in hand the callow undergrad Robin (John Penrose)

Sketches by Rouson

Disturbed bachelor husband Victor (Cecil Parker)

Learning about men: Gabrielle (Rosalyn Boulter) falls for the local Romeo, while Mother (Athene Seyler) is in two minds about him

Amorous valet Pierre, a sheik of the Midi (Carl Jaffé)

French Leave, French Without Tears, French for Love—unquestionably we find our Allies attractive. No play with German in the title has ever run a month in the West End.

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"As the London Scottish seem to have obtained an undue number of Englishmen," said Mr. Hore-Belisha in the House the other day, "steps will be taken to replace them by men of Scottish descent." But the War Secretary was careful to add that this cannot be guaranteed for the duration, and we can see some of the old-time jokes bobbing up again ere long. One you may remember is about the nervous new London Scottish private, recruited late in the Great War, being pulled up suddenly by a testy regimental-sergeant-major:

"Name?"
"Isaacs."
"Company?"
"'Ackney Furnishing."

The R.M.S. then swooned with a rich Highland "strewth!" and was borne away by loving hands. Most jokes about the London Scottish are in the worst of taste, and we will not pollute our page by repeating them. They are chiefly the work of common English Line regiments with very so-so Press agents, or none at all. Jokes about the Honourable Artillery Company which was recently advertising for recruits of a desirable type, fall into the same category. It is not true, for example, that it is the duty of H.A.C. privates' valets to launder their masters' silk pyjamas weekly on active service. As one of the columnist boys explained recently, this work is done behind the lines by *cantinières* drawn from the insolvent County families. But he may be a liar, as journalists often are.

We observe incidentally that the Queen's Westminsters—correct us if wrong—are still the only regiment to have a little actress for a mascot. The Welch Regiment seems to prefer its fragrant goat, led by its stoic Goat-Major, and evidently other regiments which have bow-bows or monkeys or what-nots as mascots have likewise hesitated to change them for actresses, who as pets are expensive, fragile, and petulant. Still, we'd have thought a tiny blonde sweetheart trotting along at the head of the column, six paces ahead of the band, led on a golden chain by a stolid Actress-Major, tossing her hyacinthine curls and laughing like silver bells and saying everybody was too wonderful, would have been a delicious spectacle. Eh?

"What I always say is—look out for pitfalls"

Label

So many English words of sublime import have lost their meaning nowadays (e.g., "a martyr to rheumatism," which means a person who has laid down his or her life in witness to the truth of rheumatism), that one trusts the word "hero" will be used more sparingly this time. Last time, if you remember, it lost its significance so completely, chiefly owing to the impetuous and lavish Press boys, that it became practically synonymous with "soldier." We once overheard a regimental hard case complaining quite seriously that something or other was not good enough for heroes; meaning himself and his chums, and without a shadow of irony. Whereas, if you look up the cleanly and industrious Skeat, "hero" is a very high and noble and exclusive word indeed, deriving from the Greek for a demi-god, a species which is rare even among the very brave. As the Emperor Charles V. blandly asked about a hidalgo who was described to him as utterly fearless: "Did he ever snuff a candle with his fingers?"

The R.A.F. boys in France, we were pleased to see the other day, have already politely notified the Press and public, through a special correspondent, that they can crack down on the word "intrepid" as soon as ever they like. ("Intrepid birdman," first applied to Blériot in a London evening paper, was the work, old boulevardiers say, of a sweet, terrible Fleet Street girl of the period, who deserved, if ever wayward woman did, to be lovingly corrected with the back of a large hairbrush.) This playful warning by the R.A.F. shows, we think, a sound attitude. "Intrepid" means fearless, and relatively few outstanding feats are carried out in war by fearless men, 95 per cent. of the chaps who do the big things having to wrestle with their imagination to begin with. "It takes a brave man to experience fear," wrote a very gallant airman once. La Rochefoucauld couldn't have said it better.

Arcadiana

There are two kinds of Major in every English village — the Gardening Major, who is retired, silent, and sallow, and the Pub ("Well-just-a-quick-one-old-Boy") Major, who is rosy and expansive. Caught up by the war machine, they seem to us to have exchanged characteristics to a curious extent. The Gardening Major in a village we know has become almost a chatterbox as an air warden, and strides round at night giving remote husbandmen hell for showing half-inch chinks of light. The Pub Major, though he still accepts a drink with his former alacrity, has turned secretive and mysterious, and bunches up his moustache a great deal in aloof, pensive mood. A Lieutenant to the War Office, he is still a Major to us, and is supposed to have the private ear of Hore-Belisha. That old unfortunate

scandal involving Mrs. Wurzel's Annie must by now, thanks to the indefatigably anonymous pen of Miss Verjuice, the organist, have reached the Army Council, with a thousand scabrous embellishments. We never know whether the Major is brooding over this exposure or over the spring offensive, but it is believed he has a poor chance now of a Staff job with Gort.

Lovers of the countryside will probably have noticed the same further changes in the slow, quiet rhythm of village life as we do. Bored troops hang around criticising the female peasantry with lack-lustre eyes. Massive A.T.S. girls stump up and down. A few evacuated children eye the sodden November fields with strong dislike. Old Henry Glue, who sold his wife (according to the fragrant English rural custom, recently discussed in *The Times*) to Joe Mangles for thirty shillings and a sack of potatoes, refuses to take a 5-lb. jar of dripping instead and is expected to shoot Joe with his rook-rifle next week. Prudence Rumble was pushed down a well by a sailor from Portsmouth, the Vicar's congregation is up to a dozen, old Granny Ducketts has placed a major curse on the entire Allied and enemy forces, land, sea, and air, the absent squire's pheasants are flying mysteriously into every oven in the village, and our village Garbo, Mrs. Fossick's Ruby, who left for London, is either a girl fireman or a member of Les Windmill Follies—they can't make out which from the photograph.

Innovation

By cutting the bed out of a bedroom scene in the script of a new comedy the Lord Chamberlain has done seasoned playgoers a service, we reckon, having slept through many daring British bedroom scenes, and French ones, too. To see actors and their workmates diving into or under beds, already occupied or otherwise, is more obviously amusing, perhaps, to a West End audience, whose mental age is a happy, permanent fourteen, than to a Parisian one, which always seems in a state of embittered resignation, whatever the actors are doing. (Arnold Bennett noted the same at the Variétés.) Some French farce-writers try to combat this hostility in the auditorium by increasing the number of doors and sometimes beds, in a bedroom, so that the characters can dash in and out and under more freely, shouting "Mon mari!" "Ciel!" "Ma femme!" "Mon Dieu!" "Hippolyte!" "M. le Comte!" "Euphémie!" "Zut!" "Mon oncle!" "Saperlipopette!" "Ma belle-mère!" and all the rest of it. This attempt invariably fails. We once sat through a Palais-Royal farce in which the desperate authors had tried to awaken public interest by including a tax-collector and a lion-cub among the usual mob in the bedroom scrimmage; but although the Parisians are very fond of seeing tax-collectors chased and mauled by wild beasts this scene interested them not at all. There was a certain amount of hearty laughter. It turned out to come from an American, fresh from the great open spaces where beds are beds.

Whether a bedroom scene without a bed can draw the West End we couldn't predict. It seems to us to belong rather to the "advanced" theatre. Cocteau, who has not thought of it so far, would probably substitute a horse for the bed, or a glass model of a blast furnace, or a floodlit coloured diagram of an alcoholic's inside. This would make everything hopelessly difficult, and even as it is we can see the West End stalls worrying dumbly, in a kind of trance, all evening, their clean, fresh pans more egg-like than ever. What would happen if a bedless bedroom appeared on the ordinary light Parisian stage is problematic, except that the author if he escaped the audience's resentment, would probably get a decoration from the Beaux-Arts, unless he had been given one already for ushering in a new era by omitting to provide the hero's mother-in-law with elastic-sided boots.

Trio

At last the Brontë Girls are to have their tablet, 2 ft. square, in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, next to Shakespeare. So, as the poet Farjeon has sung, with sombre relish:

Here 's hydy-ho
For the Brontë Boom
In Emily, Charlotte, Anne
(Sing, sisters!),
Emily, Charlotte, Anne.

Which was written, unless we 're stinkingly wrong, a couple of years ago when about three or four plays about those sweethearts were running in London simultaneously. As booksy girls go we personally prefer something less neurotic and more fighting-fit, like Jane Austen or Dorothy Parker, but since there is a Brontë Society in existence, we gather the Morbidity Three must be somebody's cup of tea, and their books must plainly make sense to numbers of people, since at least 768 British spinsters cash-in on their neuroses with the aid of the booksy racket every year and nobody gives a damn. The one human trait which endears Charlotte to us, the one link we have in common, is that *The Times* Book Critic once made the poor girl cry. There are days when practically everything *The Times* says makes us cry great hot tears of misery and embarrassment, and we 're noted for it. At the same time we can't help feeling that Charlotte, who dreaded all booksy critics, should have taken a firmer line. A good healing sock on the snozzle is the thing for those boys, and Mrs. Gaskell's melancholy *Life of Charlotte Brontë* would have been all the better reading for such passages as *"Dinner with the Smiths. Merry hell after the coffee. Charlotte knocked G. H. Lewes of 'The Times' for a row of Bolivian ashcans. Five rounds, K.O."*

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Barratt works on the theory that the customer is always wrong, sir"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Viper's Nest

By V. S. Pritchett

THE attraction of Miss Marjorie Bowen's *The Debate Continues* (Heinemann; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is that it is not the usual success story which popular novelists turn out when they sit down to their autobiographies. And though it is as good as any novel, her tale is very far from being popular romance. The last thing, strangely enough, that Miss Bowen's life could become would be a novel by Miss Marjorie Bowen. One meets her case in the lives of many novelists. Thwarted and appalled in childhood, they seek consolation in the imagination. It was seamy Edwardian Kennington which produced *The Viper of Milan*. Herself, she was the daughter of a gifted, unhappy mother, a woman of violent temper and impulses, who had made a wretched runaway marriage with a ne'er-do-well. This charming man made rare appearances at home, and when he came the child was shut away for hours alone, listening to the quarrels rumbling away in the next room. His idea of a good joke was to send people to the house saying his body had been found in the Serpentine. Another daughter arrived, and the mother's companion, a woman who developed a sinister character in the course of time, used to say to Miss Bowen in the manner of East Lynne: "It would have been better if you had never been born." Not a happy beginning. It went on far worse. The mother believed she could become a writer, but she was one of that large number who have the temperament but not the gifts. No doubt she was the victim of her times, but she drifted downhill into that shabby outer Bohemian circle where the failures congregate. Slowly the child began to understand that those constant flights from flats to furnished rooms, from rooms to basements, were due to poverty, and that her mother's sudden, gushing friendships and almost immediate quarrels with the broken-down actors and journalists of their circle were due to a growing failure of adjustment in every important matter of living. Probably the mother had a sort of talent for adventure; but whatever it was, it made hell of her daughter's life; and, undirected by any education, she simply lived by what her unrestrained imagination got out of books. At sixteen she wrote *The Viper of Milan*, and to her own misery and her mother's half-jealous, half-calculating admiration, she became a prodigy and best-seller.

THERE is nothing more painful in this book than the picture of the family now frankly and greedily living on the writing of the young girl; and later on, when she wanted to marry, came those accusations of selfishness which those who sacrifice themselves have to bear. She did escape to marriage, but in the end only to reproduce the same situation. Her Italian husband became an invalid and she had to support him. Her child died largely because the egoism of those who battened on her obliged her to neglect it. Sacrifice, drudgery—that is the story, told without self-pity, but with a sort of clear-headed disillusion, a tentativeness and tolerance, which enormously enhance the effect of the story. Her husband's final illness occurred in Italy during the war, and she nursed him, doing her writing at the foot of his bed, because he was terrified and could not bear her to be out of his sight. Their peculiar relationship is described with remarkable clearness, and this long episode has great dramatic power. And the book is full of people. There are the Sicilian in-laws who strapped her in bed when she was having her first child; there are the intrigues of the Italian doctors, one unforgettable malevolent and incompetent little nonentity who coveted her dying husband's revolvers. But the real reason this is not a depressing tale is that it is truthful, tolerant and detached, it is imbued with the probity and courage of the writer. This, one reflects, is the other side of the fiction of escape.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's "Even the Walls . . ." poster was commissioned by the War Office, and is now giving its warning to British troops all over the Western Front. Capt. Bairnsfather has just published his autobiography, "Wide Canvas" (John Long; 10s. 6d.), a good deal of which he shares with "Old Bill," to whom the book is dedicated. A dozen or so hand-picked "Old Bill" drawings are included among the illustrations

MISS DOROTHY PARKER'S short stories are well known in America and *Here Lies* (Longmans; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a collection of them. She specialises in that irony "without comment" which takes the low view, especially of women. Here they are, bickering on their honeymoons, making jealous scenes with lovers or, growing older, becoming that rather awful collection of hygienic and beauty-cultural appliances, the middle-aged American woman. Here and there one appears with wit and brains, but, as a rule, they are "cuties" who grew up into "good sports" and end by seducing chauffeurs or solacing themselves with impenetrable self-love, alimony, or the bottle. Here you feel are the women who read the women's dress magazines, the women Peter Arno hates. One story stands out, the most crushing of all because it is chiefly about men—*Soldiers of the Republic*. A handful of Spanish soldiers on leave, and seen only in a brief sketch, make all the women in this book, and the civilisation they represent, seem the real white man's burden. I find Miss Parker's serious realism tedious, but her acidity is amusing.

THERE are two important books about the art of war which I would put into the hands of every soldier. They are both by Germans in exile. Ludwig Renn's *Warfare. The Relation of War to Society* (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a diffuse but interesting book, marred by his Communist belief in the disinterestedness of the Soviet Union. Events give a pathos to this point of view now. You can toe the Party line, but not when it becomes a skipping-rope. The opinion that co-operation between Germany and Russia was impossible unless one or the other made a radical political change in the form of the State is an example of what Herr Renn has got to swallow now. On details, Renn is most interesting on the merits and demerits of the tank, as it was observed in Spain. He points out that Germany is once more making her old mistake of using foodstuffs as war material. He also notes that the theory of "absolute war" is propaganda to screw up German courage.

Herr Rosenski's *The German Army* (Hogarth Press; 12*s.* 6*d.*) has not been torpedoed by Stalin. It is a rapid study of the German Army and military ideas since Frederick the Great, with more prolonged attention to the Reichswehr and the Army under the Nazis. What chances are there of a German Army revolt? The Army is against the "lightning war"; it wishes to fall back on the traditional German talent for mobility; it clings to Clausewitz's doctrine that "war is the continuation of politics by other means," and rejects the mixture of political propaganda, economic pressure and diplomatic trickery which Hitler (as a revolutionary—a point whose wider implications Herr Rosenski does not examine) wants to add to war. So far, the Nazis have always defeated the Army, owing to their greater skill and unscrupulousness in political manœuvre. But political manœuvre becomes more important than military doctrine if the present European war is lengthened to the point when it becomes revolutionary. That is a view which does not appeal to soldiers. On the whole, Herr Rosenski, though impressed by the tactical developments of German military science in recent years, detects a degeneration in strategical ideas and military thought. This is a cold, uncomforting and lucid book and ought to be read by the man in the street while the lull is still on.

In slacks and sweater she reads the morning paper

With badge, tin hat and gas-mask she is ready to go on duty

Changed into a dress, she makes her own (ukulele) music

Ex-Debutante at Home

Lady Moyra Butler lives in St. John's Wood with her parents, does war work as an ambulance driver

Lady Moyra Butler came out last year when she was only seventeen, and had a year of ex-debutante freedom before she became an ambulance driver at a Hampstead A.R.P. post, her life ruled by the inexorable demands of her duty shifts. She is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ossory, granddaughter of the Marquess of Ormonde. Her father was formerly in the Life Guards, fought in the last war, has been waiting to be called up. Lady Ossory is running a canteen. Their son, Viscount Thurles, has joined up as a private. The Ossorys' home in Ireland is Kilkenny Castle, a famous old fortress, last besieged when Lord and Lady Ossory held it for two days in 1922 against Irish rebels until relieved by Free State troops, now lent to the Eire military authorities. The Butlers are an ancient Norman-Irish family, of which the founder, Theobald Fitz-Walter, received from Henry II. in 1177 the title, Chief Butler of Ireland, from which the family name was taken and which the present Lord Ormonde still bears

Photographs by Tunbridge

Somewhere in Oxford Street *this model section of the Maginot Line forms part of a Christmas pre-view of toys. It is complete from anti-tank mushrooms at front (top right corner) to casemates and supply railroads at back. Sections cost 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.*

The balloon barrage *and a.-a. outfit can be had for a handful of silver to defend any big town behind the 10s. 6d. Maginot Line; it includes spool lorries and balloons (non-buoyant), a.-a. guns and detection/aiming apparatus, sandbags and corrugated air-raid shelter*

Training the Young Idea

For about sixty shillings your child can have a fully equipped modern war on his nursery floor

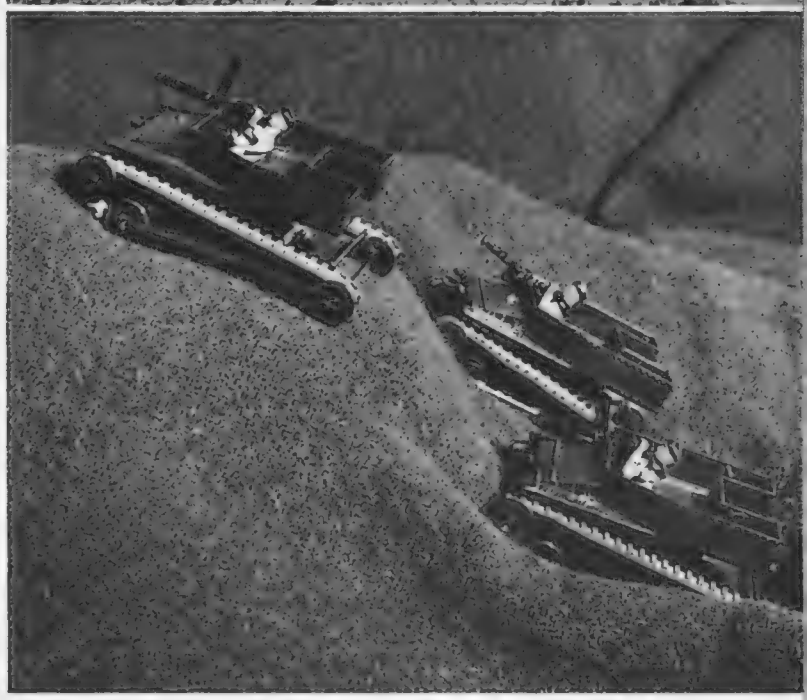
Ten years ago the idea of giving war toys to children was scouted by the more intelligent: maybe it still is. But with their elders and betters at it in real earnest, children have got a knock-out argument for possessing and using their favourite playthings—soldiers, forts, and (instead of horses and cannon) Bren carriers and a.-a. equipment. Here are some toys . . . and the real thing

Anti-Aircraft Guns

On the left is the real thing, a quick-firing anti-aircraft gun such as have been manned all up our East coast since late August, and the gun's brains, the predictor. Below is a detail of the picture at the top of the page, showing model predictor, height-finder (middle) and gun. Model gunners are always in action (they wear steel helmets)

Air Fleets

Top is the real thing, a line of our "Spitfires," believed to be the fastest fighters in the world. Bottom is the toy airport, including camouflaged hangars, all types of 'plane (even two marked respectively with the German cross and the Soviet star), model pilots running into action. The name Penguin Airport may have been chosen with an eye to Anatole France's satire on civilisation, "L'Île des Pingouins"



Bren-Gun Carriers

Top is the real thing in an officially issued photograph, possibly slightly over-exposed and out of focus on purpose to cover up details of these lively vehicles. Bottom are the toy equivalent crossing a tweed hill, armed with old-fashioned air-cooled machine-guns

Searchlight Outfit

On the left is the real thing, the spotter attached to a searchlight unit. His cushy but responsible job is to lie back with binoculars and see what his pals pick up with their light. He is reproduced in lead below, together with sound-detector and searchlight, and sandbags proportionately as big as mattresses

***Scandal** about husbands makes the wheels of the story turn. Scandalmonger-in-chief is Sylvia, Mrs. Howard Fowler, whose life is only worth living when she has a mean thing to say to a friend or a friend's friend. Rosalind Russell (the doctor's wife in "The Citadel") plays this part brilliantly, won the best-actress award in the "Hollywood Reporters'" recent poll by her performance. Her victim here is Edith, Mrs. Phelps Potter, a silly young matron (Phyllis Povah)*

***Breaker-up** of a happy home is a salesgirl in a scent department, Crystal Allen, which is Joan Crawford's part in the film. By the time she gets in this foam-bath she's already tired of the husband she stole, and her small stepdaughter (Virginia Weidler), who detests her, overhears her conversation with a new boy friend, and helps the story to a happy ending*

"The Women" Filme

Hollywood's Version of Clare Boothe "Jungle" Play is Coming to the Empi

When war broke out, *The Women* was still playing to eager the Lyric, London. A week or two before, Hollywood had seen of M.-G.-M.'s "wholly smart and yet fundamentally earthy e the Clare Boothe play" (as a Hollywood critic described it in enthusiastic and yet fundamentally incomprehensible way.) Ani Jane Murfin re-wrote the play for the screen, and George directed the picture so that it is no star vehicle for the Sh Crawford, but still remains a scathing, witty satire on the young women of America, and the things which pass their tim with men: the bridge-table, the beauty-parlour, the luxury the dress show. These last in the film are shown, Hollyw larger than life. *The Women* is expected at the Empire an

***Manicure** and beauty treatment and hair-dressing and slimming course and dress buying and bridge all give women a chance to talk about men. Sylvia (Rosalind Russell) displays the new nail-varnish, "Jungle Red," Mary, Mrs. Stephen Haines (Norma Shearer), admires it. By the time Mary has lost her husband to Crystal (above, right) and grabbed him back again, she has taken to "Jungle Red" too*

Divorce brings this quintet together in Reno: Miriam (Paulette Goddard), Sylvia (Rosalind Russell), Peggy (Joan Fontaine), who goes back because she finds she's having a baby, Mary (Norma Shearer), and Countess de Lage (Mary Boland). The Countess is divorcing for the fifth time, has fallen for a cowboy on Reno's dude ranch. Even in the ranch scenes, not a man nor a shadow of a man crosses the screen

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***The women** round whom the story chiefly centres are these three: the wife (Norma Shearer), and her two enemies each side of her — the chorus-girl (Joan Crawford), the gossip (Rosalind Russell). As London saw the play, the wronged wife was too plaintive, too nice. With Norma Shearer in the part, the whole story might become warmer, more human, less cruel, brittle, unmoving*

***The child** is Little Mary (Virginia Weidler), daughter of Mrs. Stephen Haines, a somewhat bewildered victim of her parents' divorce. But when she tells her mother (Norma Shearer) about the second Mrs. Haines' telephone conversation from a foam-bath, she lays the first brick of her parents' reconciliation*

Royal Servants of To-morrow

The "Bystander" Visits the School Where Children Learn to Serve the King and Queen

The greatest household in the land is traditionally that of the King and Queen of England, and service in that household is also a tradition and privilege in a considerable number of families, both of nobles and of commoners. Many of the Royal house and outdoor servants have held their positions through several reigns, as their parents and grandparents may have done before them, and as their children may do after them. These children have their own school, the Royal School, in Windsor Great Park, under the headmastership of Mr. H. I. Tanner. Here they are educated on lines that fit them for Royal employment. Besides the ordinary school subjects, they learn horticulture, domestic science, carpentry, needlework (some of the boys learn this, too)

***The school bell** is, traditionally a doom-bell, sounding an end to childish freedom, knelling the unpunctual to a last desperate scramble. But to the child who rings it, it is a clanging privilege, and at the Royal School pupils, who range from five to fifteen years old, take turns for this coveted job*

***The jig-saw** in the boys' well-equipped workroom was made from one of Queen Victoria's mangles. The lad who works it wears spectacles against splinters, and a bandage round one finger*

***Ornaments** from Windsor Castle are sent down to the School workroom for minor repairs by young carpenters and joiners. They wear the sacking apron of their temporary craft, with the initials of the School stamped on it*

***Tapestry** is an art in which the School specialises, and on which the headmaster himself is an expert. Whenever possible, classes in this, as in other subjects, are held in the open air*

***Most pupils** arrive on bicycles—even small ones like the two at the back—from their homes in or near Windsor Great Park. The School (behind the cyclists here) was founded by Queen Victoria in 1843, has been considerably altered and improved inside. It stands in the middle of the Park, and the children have the freedom of the glades and rides and great open spaces as their playground*

The senior class *works before a background of newspaper cuttings and photographs of the Royal Family. New World geography came alive for them this year when they followed the King and Queen's tour of Canada and visit to the United States*

Curtsies and bows *are, like tapestry, a speciality of the School. The bright-eyed boy in carpet slippers puts style and confidence into his bow from the waist, right hand in front, left hand behind. The children often have to bow and curtsey in earnest, when the King and Queen visit the School*

The "Bystander" visits

Charles Pears, R.O.I.,

At his Flat in Holland Park Avenue

H.M.S. Revenge *is the subject Pears here finishes off. The Revenge is sister ship to the late Royal Oak—let us hope she lives up to her name*

Model boats *occupy some of Pears' time not used in sailing big ones or painting bigger. Here he trims the gear of a model two-masted schooner. [Schooner: a vessel with two or more masts, fore and aft rigged on each]*

Charles Pears is a marine artist and a sailor. In the last war he was one of the principal painters commissioned by the Admiralty, and his latest exhibited work, "The Fleet Leaves Port," at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly, shows that since then his style has refined but not changed: it is, in fact, that of most artists painting a subject they love well and know well—photographic: Pears may romanticise his skies, even his seas, but never his ships. He is a member of the Royal Cruising Club, owns a ten-ton yawl. His wife, who he says knows more about technical seamanship than he, owns a seven-ton yawl, and they run the two boats as a limited company—the East Coast Yawl Co.

Photographs by Tunbridge

A Thames barge *is the background for Pears' tray of drinks, coffee percolator and tobacco. Above and to right are ships (three masts, square-rigged on each), top right is a brig (two square-rigged masts)*

Mrs. Pears *is a member of the Little Ship Club, runs a small navigation school on the East coast in the summer months. In the winter she contributes to sailing papers under the name Peter Gerard (taken from her father, Colonel Henry Gerard Kennard). She is Pears' second wife, he is her second husband*

"Bystander" Short Story

What's in a Name?

By Betty Askwith

Illustrations by Gordon Davey

"'Who knows what God has in store for him?'"

WHEN Tony Loselli was born his mother was unable to look at it in any other light than that of a calamity. He was totally unexpected; she was nearing fifty and there had been no children for ten years, no living children for twenty. Moreover, in three months she and her husband were to sail for America. Maria and Maria's husband, Roberto, and Gino and his new American wife, they were warm, good-hearted people. They were prosperous and looking forward to preparing a home for their old parents. Maybe they would not take it too much amiss that there was an unexpected baby brother to include in everything, but Annunziata Loselli, who had worked hard all her life and who was at the same time apprehensive and delighted at the thought of America, wept slow, difficult tears and could not be comforted.

She was apprehensive of the strange land and the new language and the size and the novelty of everything; she was delighted at the thought of a little leisure, a little peace, meals to prepare for her husband and herself only, no more grinding work in the fields and vineyards, no more back-breaking journeys up the narrow stone paths that wind among the steep terraces, with a heavy basket bound between her shoulders. She wanted to sit quiet for a little, to fold her hands in her lap and think.

It was not that she was lazy; there was no better worker in the countryside. People said it was wonderful how she had managed with that shiftless, good-for-nothing husband. How well she had brought up her children, allowing Giuseppe, the eldest, to go to school when he might have been earning a little money—and God knows they needed it! But no; Annunziata would work, in the fields, in the vineyards, long hours in the sun so that Giuseppe might study and win prizes and enter for the priesthood, and now he was a canon in Milan Cathedral—dio mio, he, who had been a barefoot little urchin without a coat to his back! And there had been a little money for Maria and Gino to emigrate with, and they had turned out good, steady, prosperous children, working hard and doing well in that far land across the sea, and that could only have been the influence of their mother and her clean house and steady ways.

No; Annunziata was not lazy. But she did want to sit still for a little. When she was quite a young girl she had sat still at times and strange, shining thoughts had come to her. She had hoped she had had a vocation for the convent, and then she had married Antonio Loselli, and she had never had a moment to be quiet in since. And she had hoped that in America she could be quiet a little and that the strange, shining thoughts would perhaps come back. But with a baby, a new, helpless little baby, to look after all the time, what leisure would there be? Annunziata, who had not wept since the early days of her marriage, who thought that all tears had been dried up then for ever, wept now as she looked at the small, dark head lying on her breast.

Her eldest son, Canon Giuseppe Loselli, rebuked her. He did it very gently, for he loved her dearly, but he pointed out that it was God's will, that God had doubtless had His purpose in bringing this new life into the world and that it was our duty to rejoice and be glad. He knelt down beside the bed and laid his beautiful, ascetic face close to his mother's. They were alike, those two faces: Annunziata's sharpened and refined by suffering, showed plainly from whence came that high forehead, those beautifully modelled eye-sockets and cheekbones.

"You will love him, Mama mia," said Giuseppe softly, "because he is your child. But you must be proud of him and rejoice in him, because he is God's. Who knows what God has in store for him? He may be a great man, a famous one. He may make the name of Loselli known all over that New World to which he is going. Eh, bambino?"

For the baby had awakened and was staring at him with dark, misty eyes. Giuseppe smiled at it and touched the flower-like cheek very gently with long, fine fingers. It was a strange sight; with his tonsure, his tall, thin stooping figure and his worn, lined face he might have been the child's grandfather instead of his brother.

"Look at him, Mama mia. He is smiling at me."

But Annunziata gazed at her eldest and not at her youngest son.

"If God does not give me time to know Him," she said, "yet I am contented. For it is all there. Nothing dies. My vocation and my wishes and my aspirations—you have them all, Giuseppe—you, my first-born son."

"'Anyway, it's Johnny I'm going for'"

ONE of the great griefs of Tony Loselli's life was that he did not remember the voyage out to America. He didn't remember his parents either, since they had both died of bronchial influenza a few months after their arrival in New York, but that was nothing. Anybody and everybody had parents, but few boys had been ten days on the sea, in a proper ocean liner. It was no use pretending that he did remember, that vague bits of it came back to him; his cousins knew he had crossed the ocean when he was five weeks old, and at five weeks one could remember nothing, but

What's in a Name?

(Continued from page 205)

nothing. Even Fernando, who was the eldest and tallest and in the school baseball team, couldn't remember anything till he was three. That just showed you, didn't it?

His cousins—or, more properly speaking, his nephews and nieces, for they were children of his sister, Maria, and Roberto Pazzi—were a great bane to Tony. He hadn't at first really understood that he wasn't one of them. Not till he went to the infant school did the difference between the names Pazzi and Loselli have to be accounted for, and the situation really became acute. Bertie and Jackie (Umberto and Giacomo), who were a year or two older than he was, underwent at that moment a slight penchant for persecution, as so often happens with little boys, and they properly put him through it. "You 're not one of us," they would jeer. "You 're not our brother. We 're only looking after you out of kindness. You shan't join our secret society. You shan't come skating with us. You 're only a kid. If you were our brother it 'd be different, but you 're not."

THE upshot of all this was that Tony developed a wild, protective affection for the name Loselli. There were eight or nine Pazzis (they were added to every year), but there was only one Loselli. Loselli was going to be a name to conjure with; it was going to be the greatest name in the whole continent of America. This ambition led him at first to devote himself to his schoolwork. He carried off prizes. The name Anthony Loselli was read out from a platform at the top of a long hall filled with boys and parents. But small boys are small boys and America is America. These facts cut no particular ice. What Tony wanted was respect, admiration and notoriety. There is one way to gain all these in the States, and that is by being tough. Tony became tough. He joined a gang of young hooligans who cruised the streets, fighting, stealing and gambling. In a year or two his name was read out in a police court. Maria wept, but the younger Pazzis were considerably impressed. By the time he was eighteen Tony had joined a small gang and was carrying a gun for Rocks Schultz. This was in the fine, carousing, adventurous, romantic days of Prohibition.

For a while Tony was rather happy. He had tight, new clothes looking as if they 'd been papered on to him, a diamond ring and two guns, one for each pocket. But after a while it seemed things weren't so good. The gang was a small one. Rocks had been a good leader in his time, but the truth was that his nerve was shaken: he was beginning to see the red light. A shooting affair with some of Johnny Moran's boys, in which he 'd lost three fingers, had sobered him up a bit. He was all for peace and quiet, live and let live, so at the end of three years in Rocks' gang Tony Loselli was still pretty small fry. Then he tried to pull off a job for himself in connection with a safe and got dropped on and sent up the river for ten years.

Thus by the time he was thirty-five Tony was still a small if respectable light in the gang-world. And the name of Loselli, though it was known in the profession, as it were, and to the cops was very, very far from reflecting that shining lustre which flowed from names like Al Capone and Legs Diamond. Tony was chagrined at this—and the world, his world, knew of and laughed at his chagrin. Making the name of Loselli great was Tony's favourite, almost his only, topic of conversation. "I 'll *show* you," he used to say. "You boys 'll go round telling your kids and their kids how grandpop was once stood a drink by Loselli. It 'll be the one shining moment in your bum's life. It 'll stand out like a diamond in a heap of coal," etc., etc. For the Italian strain in Tony worked out flowery and poetic in spite of his strong Brooklyn accent.

Tony would tell anyone all this, but his actual scheme for realising it he only told to one friend, and it made this friend gasp and stretch his eyes.

"You bump off Johnny Moran?" he said. "Aw, you must be nuts!"

For Johnny Moran was practically Public Enemy No. 1 and a person of great power and riches.

"Sure," answered Tony. "Why not?"

"Why?"

"He framed me," said Tony sullenly.

"Framed you? What in hell for?"

"That safe job. When I was sent up the river. Someone framed me."

"Yeah, I guess that 's so, but it wouldn't have been Johnny Moran. Might have been one of his gang. Jim Connolly, maybe, or Eddie Schultz. Couldn't have been Johnny."

"Anyway, it 's Johnny I 'm going for."

"You 're for it. Someone 's bound to plug you."

"I d'no. They 're fed up with Johnny, only they don't dare say so. Maybe I can take over. Anyway . . ."

Anyway, he meant Tony Loselli would be a person of great power and influence and in all the headlines—big, black headlines. The name of Loselli would be known, known everywhere, splashed all over the world. To such a stage can an obsession bring one.

EDDIE SCHULTZ knocked Tony's arm up and Johnny's bullet got him in the lung. They dragged him out and left him in the gutter, thinking he was dead, but actually he lingered, his lungs full of blood, in the hospital for some days. The intimate friend came to see him and cast about for cheerful topics of conversation.

"Ya see they 're having a new Pope," he said, "and one of the guys they 're choosing from, his name 's the same as yours. Loselli. Funny, isn't it?"

Tony had long ago lost touch with home and had forgotten, if he 'd ever properly realised, that he had an elder brother called Giuseppe Loselli. He just grunted.

The friend went on perseveringly: "Some of the papers seem to think he 'll make it," he said. "That 'ud be pretty swell for you, I guess. Think of sharing a name with the Pope. Nice work, kid. Losellis going up in the world."

It hurt Tony to talk, but he said in a low, husky voice: "Aw, nuts! He gets into the noos like that and then he takes another name—Pius or Leo or Boniface, or somethin' crazy. What 's the good of that? I wanted the name of Loselli to be famous."

He turned his face to the wall and died.

"They dragged him out and left him in the gutter"

THE young newspaper reporter who had come down to interview an old dame of 119, asked, when they told him that a man had died of wounds, if any story was attached.

"No," they said. "He was just a small gangster. We don't know who did it."

However, he was a conscientious youngster and he wrote a paragraph about Tony of two lines and it got into the evening paper. Unfortunately, he got the name wrong and spelt it Postelli.

They buried Tony on the same day that the silver trumpets rang out in St. Peter's to announce the new Pope.

It was a better story than anyone realised and would have put the name of Loselli quite on the map if it had only broken.

THE END.

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

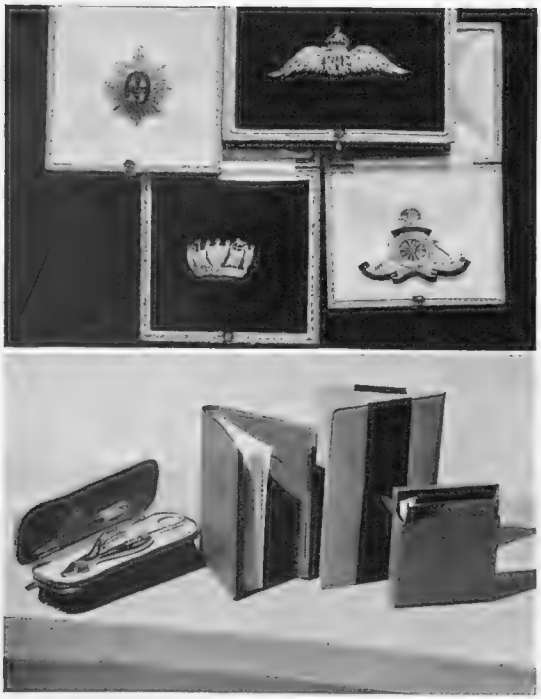
"Stand by to salute, Dad. Here come the Colonel and the Adjutant"

Winter—

Inside and Out

Christmas is sure to bring its parties, but this year they demand their own special kind of "don't dress" frock. Walpole, of New Bond Street, suggest the angora model on the left, simple for a midday Christmas dinner but smart for cocktail dances. Charmingly demure, with its bustle bow and "apron" outlined in moiré ribbon, it costs 79s. 6d. in black and any of the new season's colours. If yours is to be a country Christmas, they have gay little frocks in pastel woollens and softly shaded plaids

Hoods have come to stay, hailed by everyone as practical wind-breakers and, incidentally, as an extremely becoming fashion. The one below, lined with tartan to match the lining of the Scotch tweed coat, can be worn thrown back as a collar. It is buttoned on, so can easily be detached altogether. Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, have this model for eight guineas in sandy beige, grey or Air Force blue, all with vivid plaids inside. And, of course, they specialise in "camels" for those who insist on classics in the country



It is none too early for Christmas lists, so consider these suggestions from Asprey, of Bond Street. Badge brooches for any regiment can be made from £3. The group shows a useful fitted clothes-brush, a steel-lined note-book, a pocket-book with regimental colours and a completely waterproof cigarette-case

Films of the Day

Anonymity Analysed

By George Campbell

"POISON PEN," as a play, seemed to me underrated. Plenty of worse things, by the younger glamour boys, not only made good in a big way at the box-office, but were hailed by the older glamour boys as up to the best of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Tchehov. I should like to demonstrate this in a good swingeing Elizabethan pamphlet—"A Cuffe for a Critick; or, Have With You to Shaftesbury Avenue"; but natural indolence and the law of libel prevent.

Now Associated British, an organisation which has done some things I like to remember, and more I love to forget, has made a film of it; and a goodish job it is. The village types are astutely observed, the atmosphere is real, and the plot grows naturally out of character, instead of being superimposed. We like to think that such rural sports as witch-hunting passed with our great-great-grandfathers; but watching the growth of fear and suspicion in a typical village as the anonymous letters arrive, one isn't quite so sure. For there is a queer power about anonymity, as newspapers used to be aware. What the *Daily Thunderer* says about the Cabinet is read with respect and awe by a million readers. But let the leader-writer say the same thing in the Tube on the way home to Hampstead, and his fellow-passengers give one look at the portly gentleman with the handle-bar moustaches and get back to their evening paper.

It is the same with the poison pen. If any one of the villagers in the film had started blackguarding one of the others he (or more probably she) would have been told to go and jump in the duck-pond. But once let the defamer put the charges in writing, and slip them into a pillar-box in the darkness, and the addressee reads the anonymous screed next morning with the sick dismay of a man facing an accusing world. It is the editorial "we" all over again. In Richard Llewellyn's story minds are poisoned, homes broken up, and three or four lives lost; and any policeman will tell you that parallel cases have been known in every county in England. And, I suppose, every other country where men and women can be stupid, perverted and cruel.

Flora Robson now plays Margaret Yarde's role of the vicar's sister, with a reputation for good works and a heart corroded by spinsterhood and jealousy. She cannot act badly, and if she seemed a little less horrific than Miss Yarde, that may have been because the story, in translation to the screen, lost in intensity what it gained in mobility; or simply because, having seen the play, I knew exactly what was coming. There is an admirable performance as the Parson by Reginald Tate, whose work, though obviously that of a skilled and experienced actor, happens to be new to me; Robert Newton gives a strong study of a yokel crazed with jealousy; and the villagers are all played memorably well.

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS" is one of those pictures that no critic enjoys writing about. If you praise it you feel that you're encouraging mediocrity and letting down people who take their movies seriously; and if you don't, you're accused of knocking what the trade calls good, clean entertainment for the family—with justice, no doubt, if that is the sort of family you happen to have.

The cast is roughly the same as that of *Four Daughters*. It's a bit confusing at first to see the girls all unmarried again, and the kindly musician father turn up after twenty years' absence, making vague guesses as to which of his glamorous progeny is which. Then you get the idea that it's a brand-new story—in which case why the similar title and the same cast?—and everything becomes a lot simpler.

Claude Rains gives a cleverish study of the charming wastrel, sick of jumping trains and living in smelly back-rooms with torn paper, who thinks he will settle down to a nice comfortable existence with the family he deserted. Fay Bainter, as always, is completely convincing as the wife who divorced him and now plans to marry a nice comfortable business man (Donald Crisp); and the three Lane sisters and Gale Page make something of the daughters. John Garfield plays an amusing hobo, always in trouble because he declines to work as long as mugs will pay five dollars for a piece of bone guaranteed to be one of Moby Dick's teeth.

So much has been written about the two new war films that it will be enough to recommend them—*The First Days* with some reservations, and *The Lion Has Wings* with none. Compilation though it is, *The Lion Has Wings* is a first-rate job, full of beauty, thrilling flying, sentiment not too thickly spread, and some pretty touches of wit. I particularly liked "Mens sana in corpore sano—a tag mumbled to schoolboys who don't know what it means by old gentlemen who don't mean what it says."

"The Lion Has Wings," *the first British propaganda film, by the Ministry of Information out of Korda, was well received by the plain filmgoer, propaganda aside, as a good flying picture. The two pictures here are not still shots (none was made), but reprints from the film: top, Ralph Richardson, as station control officer at the Fighter Command; bottom, Robert Douglas (in private life Aircraftman Finlayson), as an Intelligence Officer, tells Derrick de Marney and Anthony Bushell and others how to recognise objectives. At the Leicester Square Theatre. Reviewed here*

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Evelyn Rosa Weatherby

Will be married on November 29th to Richard de Cliffe Vigors, the Inniskillings, only son of Mr. and Mrs. de Cliffe Vigors, of Colne St. Denys Manor, Fosse Bridge, Glos. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Weatherby, of Frome St. Quintin, Dorchester, Dorset

Bassano

Elizabeth Caton-Woodville

Is engaged to James Charles Cecil, elder son of the late Captain A. W. J. Cecil, and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil, of Maybanks, Rudgwick, Sussex. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Caton-Woodville, of 29, Beverley Road, Barnes, S.W.13

Lenare

Helen Blane

Is the daughter of the late Comdr. Sir Charles Blane, Bt., and Lady Blane, of 20, Alexander Square, S.W.3, and a well-known ski-er. She is engaged to William Robert Tomkinson, Middlesex Regt., son of the late R. E. Tomkinson, and Mrs. Tomkinson, of Dormy, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset

Harlip

Teresa Lister Robinson

Is the elder daughter of Sir Roy Lister Robinson, Chairman of the Forestry Commission, and Lady Lister Robinson, of 57, Sloane Gdns., S.W.1. She is engaged to Pilot Officer Paul Henry Richey, R.A.F., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Richey, of 68, Cadogan Square, S.W.1

Dalglish — Meyricke

Lieut. James S. Dalglish, R.N., and Evelyn Mary Meyrick were married at St. John's Cathedral, Portsmouth. He is the eldest son of the late Rear Admiral Robin Dalglish, and Mrs. Dalglish. She is the eldest daughter of the Rev. A. Ll. and Mrs. Meyricke, of Aislaby Vicarage, Sleights, Yorks. The five bridesmaids were the bridegroom's three sisters, Alison, Marie and Valerie Dalglish (left), the bride's two sisters, Catherine and Joan Meyricke. The best man was Lieut. H. N. Custance, R.N.

Pitman — Ballingal

Leslie Colin Pitman, only son of Lt.-Col. L. C. Pitman, of 34, Burton Court, S.W.3, and Mrs. Charlesworth, of Sudbourne, Orford, Suffolk, and Sheila Cameron Ballingal, only daughter of the late Alexander Cameron Ballingal, and Mrs. Ballingal, of 10, Arthur Road, Wimbledon, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Rickett — Harrison

Brian Edward Rickett and Diana Elizabeth Harrison were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the second son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. A. Norman Rickett, of Kingswood Manor, Lower Kingswood, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of the late Laurence Harrison, and Mrs. Harrison, of 169, Oakwood Court, W.8

Browne — Darwen

Flt. Lieut. Patrick E. S. F. M. Browne, R.A.F., eldest son of Col. and Mrs. E. M. Browne, of 66, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10, and Ann Darwen, only daughter of the late Jack Darwen, and Mrs. Darwen, of 18, Dunstan Road, N.W.11, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Macleod — Gyllenkrok

Lt. Morice Macleod, R.N., and Gorel Gyllenkrok, daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sperling Gyllenkrok, of Stockholm, formerly Equerry to the King of Sweden, were married at St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. Lt. Macleod, son of K. G. Macleod, of Cockburnhill, Balerno, Midlothian, had been appointed A.D.C. to the Duke of Kent during his Gov.-Generalship of Australia

Wysard — McDougall

R. A. E. A. (Tony) Wysard, son of the late Walter Wysard, and Mrs. Wysard, of Pangbourne, Berks., and well known as a caricaturist, and Ruth McDougall, daughter of the late J. G. McDougall, and Mrs. McDougall, of Bow Hill, Chichester, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Briggs — Favell

Captain John Aidan Briggs, younger son of Col. and Mrs. W. J. Briggs, of Garston Manor, near Watford, Herts., and Alice Mary Favell, daughter of the late R. V. Favell, and Mrs. Favell, of Penberth, St. Buryan, Cornwall, were married at Chelsea Old Church

John Borthwick, elder son of the Hon. James and Mrs. Borthwick, of Fox Hills, Long Cross, Surrey, nephew of Lord Whitburgh, and Irene Heller, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Heller, of 2, Buckingham Place, S.W.1, were married at Holy Trinity, Botleys and Lyne, Surrey

Borthwick — Heller

Bottome — Locock

Philip McDonald Bottome, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Bottome, of Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey, married Vera Frances Locock, younger daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Locock, of Blythswood, West Byfleet, Surrey, at St. John's, West Byfleet

Sharp — Mason

Graham Sharp, the world amateur skating champion, only son of Major and Mrs. G. Sharp, of Boldhaven, Clifton Road, Parkstone, Dorset, and Hazel Mason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mason, of Littledown Road, Bournemouth, were married at All Saints', Branksome Park

Reynolds — Fawcett

Major Dudley L. C. Reynolds, eldest son of the late Major J. C. Reynolds, and Mrs. Reynolds, of the Lawns, Alveston, near Bristol, and Ruth Fawcett, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. E. Fawcett, of Littlewood, Ganghill, Guildford, Surrey, were married at St. John's, Merrow, Surrey

Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

I AM a mild man. I like to believe the best of my fellow-creatures. Consequently, I have rather pooh-poohed the idea of people really going around siphoning the petrol out of other people's tanks.

"Petrol thieves," I have said to myself, rather airily, "are a figment of the ingenuity of those other brigands who have seen fit to cash-in on petrol-rationing by marketing tank filler-cap locks."

But now, I am sorry to say, these illusions—like most other of my illusions about my fellow-creatures—have been rudely shattered. A friend of mine prides himself upon always being prepared for any contingency. I think he was once a Boy Scout, and you know how hard the old motto dies! Anyhow, as a motorist, his car is lavishly equipped with every kind of useful gadget. With his fitment of a de-mister I wholeheartedly agree. The inclusion of a compass, stuck on to the inside of his windscreen, strikes me—I confess it—as an item of dubious value. Particularly so, because it seems to point permanently due north.

I will not weary you with a complete catalogue of the gadgets on my friend's car, but I can assure you that about the only thing not fitted to it was a petrol tank filler-cap lock. Imagine his delight, therefore, when a number of advertisements for these fitments appeared recently in the pages of the motor papers. I can picture the whoop of joy which with he rushed out to buy one! Within an hour or so of the first advertisement appearing, my friend's already overburdened car sported one of these locks.

I MET him yesterday and asked after his car and what was new on it. Somehow, I thought I detected an evasive note in his voice as he replied: "Oh, fine thanks, old chap. By the way, you know that letter on silk-worms in yesterday's *Times* . . ." Being an awkward type, I persisted.

"How is the petrol-tank filler-cap lock?" I asked.

If one person can look at another with asperity, he so regarded me.

"Oh, *that's* all right," he said. Obviously something was wrong somewhere.

"Come clean," I admonished, "what's the matter?"

"Okay," he replied, "I'll tell you." And he went on to relate how, a few evenings previously, he had put six gallons of petrol into his car in which he and his wife had driven a couple of miles to a cinema, leaving their car in the car park provided. After the show, he had got into the driving seat, switched on and pressed the starter-button. The engine had started up, and away they went. A few hundred yards down the road, however, the engine had suddenly fluffed and died away, and nothing he could do would make it restart. Examination of the carburettor had shown the float chamber to be empty, and with what the novelists term "a terrible suspicion gnawing at his heartstrings" he had rushed around to the back of the car. Plainly his suspicions had been ill-founded, for the lock had not been tampered with, but when he tapped the tank with his knuckles it rang with an eloquent hollowness. Then, and only then, it dawned upon him.

The petrol thieves had taken his petrol all right, but not directly from the tank. They had resorted to the very simple expedient of letting the petrol-pump under the bonnet do the work for them, leaving him with only what remained in the carburettor!

I am still not convinced that petrol-tank filler-cap locks are much good, but I *am* convinced that I am inclined to repose too general a confidence in the intrinsic desirability of my fellow-creatures. As for my friend, he wasn't altogether too depressed by the experience, for it has provided him with an excuse to fit bonnet-locks as well—but, as I told him, how much simpler it would be to remove the ignition-key and lock the doors.

I WONDER what effect upon the future of motoring the present black-out conditions will have? I think we have learned already that the really important thing is adequate lighting of the roads rather than the vehicles using them. Shall we retain the present system of white lines for ever, I wonder? Personally, I think we might do far worse. No matter how well both roads and vehicles may be lighted, there is no gainsaying the tremendous usefulness of these lines in fog.

I think that car lamps will be smaller after the war. We have had plenty of opportunity of discovering how to drive with the merest glimmer ahead of us, and really it's not too terribly bad, is it? Smaller lamps would greatly assist in the provision of a neater frontal streamline and only those in the Services know how very streamline-minded men are becoming just now.

Another thing about post-war motoring will be, I think, that we shall see a great increase in the number of drivers who drive "by ear." It was the late Sir Henry Segrave who once said that when once he had changed up and down and up again through the gears on a strange car, he did not need to use the clutch thereafter. Of course we have not all got the sensitive perception of a Segrave, but the enforced use of our cars at night without a dash-light will surely have given many of us a closer attunement to what sort of performance our car is achieving, purely by the *sounds* it emits, without recourse to the visual evidence afforded by the instrument dials.

LATELY a number of people have asked me how they can determine the most economical speed at which to run their cars. Plainly such motorists have been of the non-technical variety, or the question would never have been put. Well now, it is difficult to generalise on such a subject, but I think that a reasonably sound rule is to cruise in top gear at a road-speed equivalent to the maximum speed in the gear immediately below top. Similarly, in changing up, try not to exceed in any gear the maximum road speed of the gear immediately below that you are vacating.

For example, take a four-speed car which does 17 m.p.h. in first, 30 m.p.h. in second, 50 m.p.h. in third, and 75 m.p.h. in top. Change up at about 10 m.p.h. from first to second; 17-20 m.p.h. from second the third; 30-35 m.p.h. from third to top, and cruise at 45-55 m.p.h. And reverse this practice in changing down.

I hope I have succeeded in making this clear.

"Oi! What cord with a ring on it?"

Museum Audience

The "Bystander" visits the National Gallery one lunchtime

The lunch-hour concerts in the National Gallery, whose inception was much due to Myra Hess, have leapt into popularity with non-evacuated workers and others with time to spare and a taste—nowadays greatly unsatisfied—for good music. The organisers who, in conjunction with the Office of Works, arranged the dome hall for the concerts, allowed for about 300 persons; they have to cope with upwards of a thousand. Surplus sit on the floor, stand round where the gaps on the wall tell the tale of picture-evacuation, knit in adjoining rooms, dream in front of the poorer pictures now promoted to honourable places

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

West and North

LAST time there was a BYSTANDER article to write I was in the idyllic West. (And, incidentally, I wrote of *Mrs. Fishwick* on a bicycle at Westward Ho! when the last championship was played there. This was quite correct. It was one of the memorable sights of the event. *Miss* Fishwick was then touring South Africa, and in any case was not Mrs. *Critchley*, which my wording was altered to.) "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese," any quantity of all, with Devonshire cream thrown in, seemed more relevant than any question of guns or butter, not only because of the ease of obtaining, and consuming, those good things, but because of watching Miss Radford, Devon champion in 1932 and 1934, at work on a farm. The farm is within a hundred miles of Westward Ho!, a lovely, peaceful bit of England, where old stone farm buildings nestle under the trees, between which you might catch a glimpse of a gracious homestead with rambling stabling and garden. At the appointed hour Miss Radford and another new recruit to the Women's Land Army appeared up the lane, driving their cows; after due introduction to the four-legged lovelies, we saw Miss Radford get down to the milking business in really workmanlike fashion.

Golf seemed miles away; Miss Radford owned to only one game since war started. But I have a notion—says she, feelingly, recalling how her own fingers have ached after milking—that Miss Radford and all other golfers who go on the land will develop such enormous strength of finger that they will hit the golf ball much more firmly and with much better control. There is no doubt that powerful hands are an enormous asset at the game: true, Miss Cecil Leitch's hands are of the smallest, and Miss Jessie Anderson's not much bigger, but one never watched the big, capable hands of Joyce Wethered (Lady Heathcoat-Amory) gripping the club without feeling that they played a decisive part. If no horse can be better than his legs, doesn't it follow that no golfer can be better than her hands? I wonder.

MY visit to the West included a glimpse of Lady Heathcoat-Amory. Like so many other golfers at the moment, whether they are ambulance driving, A.R.P.-ing or A.F.S.-ing, she has to possess her soul in patience and be very busy waiting. Knighthayes Court at Tiverton is registered as a War Hospital Supply Depot; perhaps by the time this appears the approved Red Cross patterns will have been converted into garments by the dozen, and the empty shelves in the expectant drawing-room filled with materials. When I saw them, Lady Amory could only liken herself to Mother Hubbard when the cupboard was bare, but it is certain that as soon as the need arises that peaceful drawing-room will be a hive of industry.

TURNING from the West to the North, activity in Lancashire and Cheshire (news has yet to come from Yorkshire) seems feverish. For example, Miss D. I. Clark, J.P., chairman of the L.G.U., writes me: "My war job is a full-time unpaid one. . . . I 'm what is known as Deputy Centres Organiser for Ormskirk—both Women's Voluntary Services. We 've literally been working night and day, but things seem to be getting better now, and although still 'at it' all day, the night work for me is getting less, thank goodness. It falls to my lot to be a sort of 'step-in' whenever anybody falls out, either as an ambulance driver, A.R.P. telephonist, or what-not."

And if that does not sound busy enough, read what Mrs. Bason, holder of BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes after seventeen attempts, says about her doings. "I am transport officer in the W.V.S. for the Macclesfield section; an ambulance driver for the Borough of Macclesfield. Do the carving two days a week for over 200 children at the canteen; on the Court of Reference and the Military Hardship Tribunal at the employment exchange, and I am also helping the billeting officers; this is one of the areas to which children have been evacuated, and we have 2800." How Mrs. Bason has energy even for the one round of golf a week, which she allows herself to put in on a Sunday, only those who have been beaten by her—which means most people at one time or another—can imagine.

Mrs. Whitfield, her famous foursomes partner, is ambulance driving, and for her golf is out of the question, as Prestbury and Upton mean seventeen miles out of a precious petrol ration. One used to think so little of driving a mile for every hole played; county matches, even in the south-east and certainly in the north and west, constantly meant that players actually drove more miles than they played shots. However, that constant, instinctive handling of a car under all sorts of conditions is no doubt standing the women in good stead now, and may be one reason why so many of the golfers are to be found behind some wheel or another, rather than nursing. After all, forcing yourself into an entirely unfamiliar mould and role may be devoted and heroic and all the rest of it, but one is far more use to the country doing something for which normal life and practice has fitted one. There is greater hope and likelihood of doing the right thing in an emergency if it has first become second nature. Since we are not yet all air-minded, let us be thankful that we are at least car-conscious.

THOSE who can raise the petrol, or remember how the buses run, will no doubt take the golden chance next Sunday (19th) of watching H. Cotton, R. Burton, the reigning open champion, and the two Bentleys, Arnold and Harry, play an exhibition match in aid of the Red Cross at Hesketh, of happy BYSTANDER memories. Those who thought it a long course last April from comparatively kind tees will find special interest in watching these four giants of the game play from the back ones.

Golfers at War: five of the many players who have exchanged clubs for bandages, rakes, etc.

Three Guildford members did their bit with flags on National Flag Day as an interlude in work as a mobile Red Cross unit; Mrs. Whitton, Mrs. Maxwell Rose, Miss Pelly

Lady Heathcoat-Amory (Joyce Wethered) is responsible for a Red Cross hospital supply depot at her home, Knighthayes Court, Tiverton. Like everyone else, she still awaits orders

Miss Bunty Radford, Devon champion in 1932 and 1934, has joined the Women's Land Army, works on a farm somewhere in the West. Here she is with one of her charges, Jennifer

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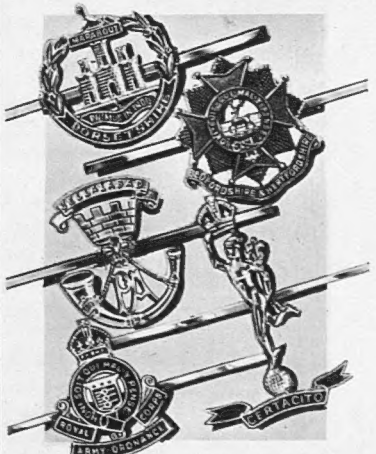

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Let Us Send the "Bystander" Christmas Number to Your Friends Abroad

The publisher will be pleased to post copies of THE BYSTANDER Christmas Number to addresses in neutral countries and the Dominions by early mails.

Remittances should be sent to The Publisher, THE BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, as follows—

Price per copy, 2s. 3½d. Abroad, post paid.
" " " 2s. 1½d. Canada, post paid.

"Rose Window"

A brilliant collection of authors, poets, playwrights have contributed to *Rose Window*, which is being published next Monday, by Heinemann's, for 7s. 6d., and which will be sold in aid of Bart's Hospital. Among them are Walter de la Mare, Dr. Gogarty, Edmund Blunden, Ann Bridge, Susan Ertz, J. B. Priestley, Sir Hugh Walpole, André Maurois, A. G. Macdonell—to mention only a few. Some of the authors have made over all rights of their contributions—magazine, dramatic, film—to the Hospital, so that the plays by Emlyn Williams and George Preedy may be produced by anyone in aid of Bart's. Lord Horder has written a foreword to *Rose Window*, and there are twenty-four line-drawings by Anna Zinkeisen. A. W. L'Estrange Fawcett was the editor.

Sending Papers Abroad

Many people have been in the habit, after reading their newspapers, of posting them to friends and relatives abroad, or of buying copies specially for that purpose.

Under the censorship regulations it is no longer possible to allow private individuals to post newspapers and periodicals to any of the countries on what is known as the censorable list. The reason for the prohibition is that printed matter affords easy opportunities of conveying information to enemy agents.

But there is no reason why you should stop sending British newspapers, and therefore the British point of view, to your friends abroad. All you have to do is to place a regular order direct with us or with a reputable newsagent. The newspapers will then be despatched on your behalf quicker than you yourself could send them off in peacetime.

The censorable countries are: Italy, Rumania, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Liechtenstein, Andorra, or any dependencies thereof.

There are special arrangements for posting letters and newspapers to members of the British Expeditionary Force. You can find out about them at any post office.

October "Bystander" Spoon Results

In accordance with the arrangement announced for the present, to award spoons in each division in proportion to the number of cards received, the following spoons have been awarded for October.

Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Kendall	Northampton ..	89	14	75	74	1 above

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss L. M. Wicks	Bramley	95	36	59	73	14 below

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Address .....

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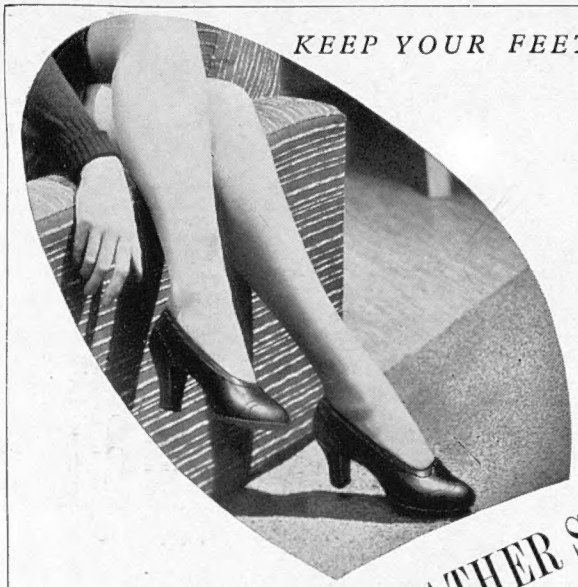

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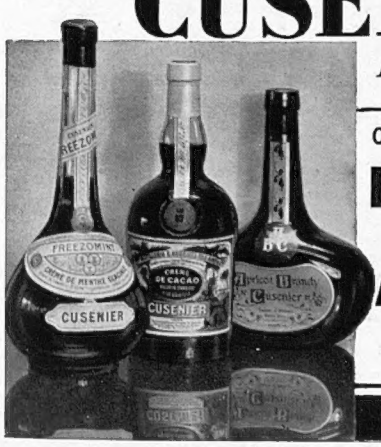

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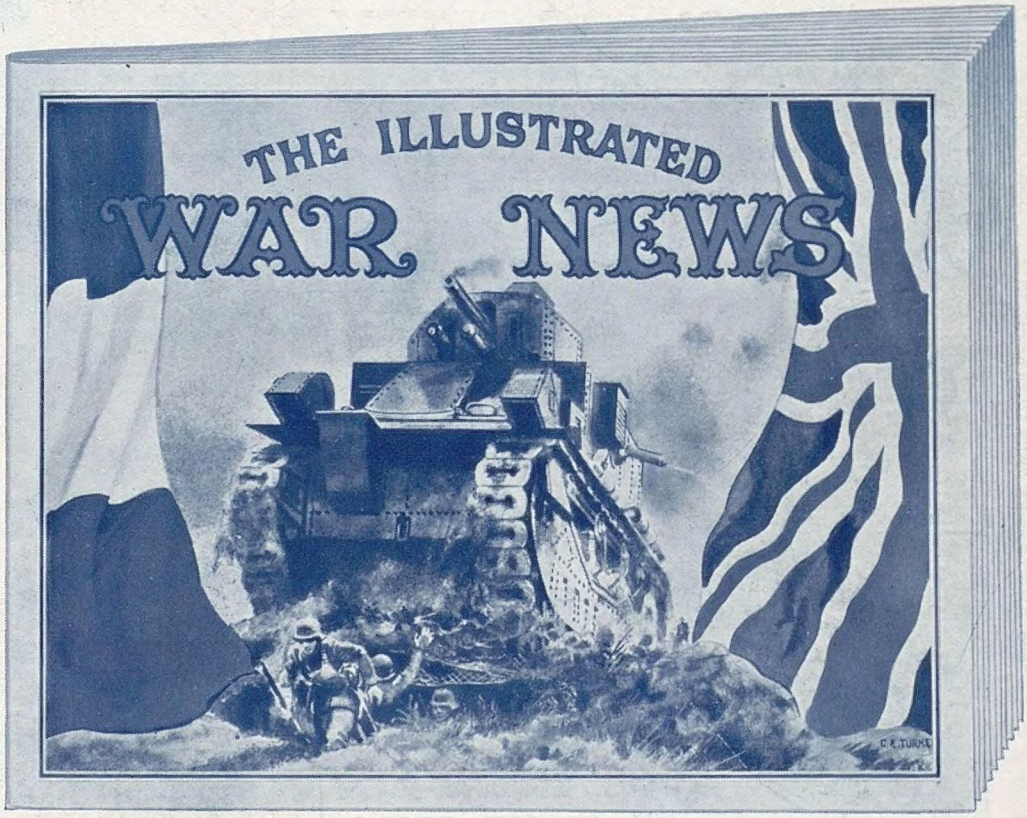

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